MOVING PICTURE STORIES

February 4, 1930
Vol. XXXVI No. 840

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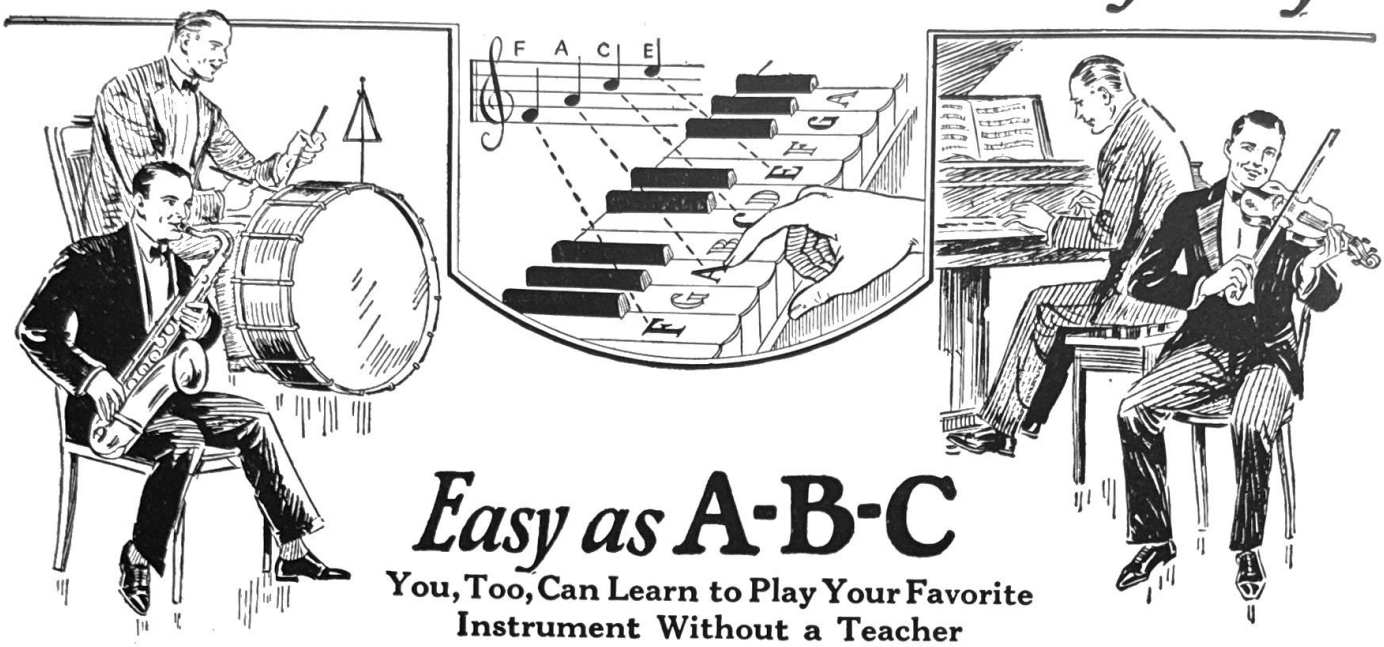

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VOL. XXXVI. No. 840 FEBRUARY 4, 1930

Moving Picture Stories

ETHEL ROSEMON, Editor ISSUED EVERY OTHER TUESDAY

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"The name on the door would never be Mr. and Mrs. Stoddard Clayton?"

PEACOCK ALLEY

By ROSEMARY LEE

"THE apartment is still waiting for you, Claire, just the way you like things, on a roof overlooking the river and Long Island, quiet and far away, no more work, no more shows that go on the road, no more midnight trains, just life the way you want it, peace—and a personal maid."

Stoddard Clayton's eyes rested hungrily on the face of the lovely golden girl opposite him, a face that, in spite of its shadow of weariness, was wistful, dreamy, more appealing even than when he had last seen her months before, and he wondered why she persisted in sticking to the hard work on the road when he had so much to offer. She had come back into his life unexpectedly that very evening when, to attract his attention, she had dropped her handkerchief at his feet as he stood in the Peacock Alley of the Park-Plaza, chatting with a business acquaintance. They had dined together, for, in spite of the fact that the last time they had met she had declared she never wanted to see him again, she said she wanted to talk to him and immediately

MOVING PICTURE STORIES, Vol. XXXVI., No. 840, February 4, 1930. Published bi-weekly by M. Clifford Pardee. Office of publication 819 Cedar St., Springfield, Ohio. Editorial office 149 West 44th St., New York, N. Y. Business office 25 West 43rd St., Suite 1114, New York, N. Y. Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 25, 1929, at the Post Office at Springfield, Ohio, under the Act of March 8, 1879. Copyright 1929 by M. Clifford Pardee. Single copies 10 cents; yearly subscription $2.50, Canada $3.00, foreign $3.50.

"So this is your wife? I thought you'd say that."

after dinner accompanied him to his suite. As he spoke, the ghost of a smile played around her mouth, touched the blue of her eyes.

"And the name on the door would be—" she asked finally.

"Your own name."

"It would never be Mr. and Mrs. Stoddard Clayton?"

"How charmingly naive—and old-fashioned!"

They had discussed this matter so many times in the past, she knew well his fixed ideas on marriage, why did she persist in going over the same old ground again?

"I happen to think that's important—and the woman who says she doesn't is lying," she returned quietly.

Then patiently he made another effort to bring her to his way of thinking. How many couples did she know who were happily married? Marriage destroys love, sounds the death-knell to romance. Even the people who are happiest in their sweetheart days soon find themselves living with the cold skeletons of their dreams. The institution is outdated because it was designed for different circumstances of life and conduct. His love for her was so great, so all-absorbing—he wanted it to last forever.

"Don't say any more," she interrupted finally. "I came here to tell you something. I'm going to be married tomorrow." He looked at her incredulously and she hurried on, fearful lest her own determination should weaken. "It's a boy I went to school with in Texas. Before I left home, he asked me to marry him but I wanted to go on the stage. I had huge ambitions that have all gone to pot. He told me that he would always love me, that, if I ever wanted to come home, he'd be waiting. Now he's district attorney of his county. Last week I got tired of everything, and I wired him that I was coming. He telephoned that he was taking the next train—and that's all."

"That isn't all," Clayton told her evenly. "You haven't mentioned that you love him."

"I do love him," she returned with effort.

"You don't," he assured her coolly. "You love me."

"I did love you," she corrected, "but you thrust aside our happiness because you fancy yourself so modern that you scoff at marriage. Oh, I hate myself," she went on passionately, "when I think that I came here tonight hoping—hoping that you had changed even at this late moment." With a gesture of resignation she gathered up her light silk wrap from the back of the chair and put it about her shoulders. As she started for the door, the man placed himself in front of her.

"If you'd put your arms around me and kiss me, you couldn't leave," he challenged.

She hesitated for only a second.

"I could—and will," she defied him bravely.

He gathered her in his arms and crushed her to him, then pressed his lips to hers, hungrily, passionately.

THE pink-tinted dawn, ably assisted by the rude jangling of alarm clocks, was calling the sleeping city to another day of labor when Claire Tree walked down the deserted Peacock Alley of the Park-Plaza. From his comfortable chair, Dugan, house detective, watched her progress and winked knowingly at Connor, the watchman on duty. He had witnessed the dropping of the handkerchief the night before, had seen the blonde at dinner with Stoddard Clayton and had been standing near the elevator when they got in. His mental comment had been, "The wiser they are, the harder they fall." But Clayton occupied a suite—the most expensive in the hotel—and was privileged to entertain whom he pleased. Then, too, his millions, his holdings in the hotel corporation put any action of his beyond questioning.

A QUIET marriage was solemnized that day in The Little Church Around the Corner. Martin Saunders, life-long friend of Jim Bradbury, had attended to all the details in advance, had arranged a wedding breakfast at his own bachelor apartment and had secured accommodations for the newly married couple—at the Park-Plaza. When they arrived there toward evening, after a day that had been filled with hours of nervous tension for Claire, Dugan was again on duty. He first spied

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This is an adaptation of Tiffany Productions' screen presentation of the story by Carey Wilson. Frances Hyland wrote the scenario and Marcel de Sano directed, with Mae Murray appearing as Claire Tree, George Barraud as Stoddard Clayton, Jason Robards as Jim Bradbury, Richard Tucker as Martin Saunders, W. L. Thorne as Dugan, Phillips Smalley as Bonner, E. H. Calvert as Paul, Arthur Hoyt as Crosby and Billy Bevan as Walter.

the girl while she was sitting in the lobby, waiting for Jim to make final arrangements.

"The nerve of that blonde dame!" he exclaimed. "Last night she grabbed Clayton, now she's right back on the beat, lookin' for another customer. "Who's that bird?" he inquired of the clerk as Bradbury joined her. "Stoppin' here?"

"Yep, I think so," the clerk returned. "Name's Bradbury from Texas."

Dugan shook his head knowingly.

"Tarrytown to Texas! She sure does cover a lot of territory."

"They're going upstairs," the clerk commented.

"That's workin' a little too fast. Has he got a parlor?"

The clerk shook his head.

"Just a bedroom."

Then Dugan got busy on the house phone.

"Have a man in two-twelve in five minutes to take down some baggage," he ordered.

JIM BRADBURY saw red when the detective forced his way into the room while he and Claire were dressing for dinner and ordered him to vacate.

"Room's rented to somebody else," he explained.

"It can't be," Bradbury replied. "I took it this morning for a week."

"Must have been a mistake," Dugan went on. "The room's rented. Come on, no argument!" His tone was gruff, insulting.

"What does this mean, anyway?" Bradbury questioned.

"The dame," Dugan told him, "that's what it means." He crossed to the bath-room door. "Come out of there, baby," he called. "You're all washed up."

Bradbury made a leap for the detective but the latter swiftly pulled out his gun and held him off. At that moment Claire appeared at the bath-room door.

"Jim, who is this man?" she inquired. "What does this mean?"

"I know," her husband replied, a look of understanding coming into his eyes. "It's a hold-up."

"No, it ain't no hold-up," the detective laughed sarcastically. "It's the bum's rush."

"But I don't understand." Claire looked from one to the other bewilderedly. "Why—"

"All right, innocent, I'll tell you why. It just ain't that kind of a hotel."

Bradbury was white with anger.

"I demand an apology at once, or I'll break your neck," he told the intruder. "This lady is my wife."

Dugan laughed in his face.

"Take it easy, take it easy, Texas," he sneered. "So this is your wife? I thought you'd say that. And with my own eyes I saw her pick you up just a few minutes ago. Come in," he called in answer to the porter's knock. "All right, Gus, these folks are checkin' out. Take their stuff." The porter started to pick up the half empty bags. "No, wait a minute," Dugan stopped him. "Give 'em time to pack. Where's your manners? Now get this, you two. I'm givin' you a break, five minutes to pack. Goin' to hand me any more arguments?"

"Marriage destroys love. The institution is outdated, for it was designed for different circumstances of life and conduct."

"Yes," Bradbury defied him. "We're staying here."

"Oh, no, Jim," Claire protested. "I wouldn't stay here for all the money in the world. This is too terrible—and that horrible man! Please, Jim!"

"All right, dear," Bradbury assured her gently, "we'll go."

"Lemme give you a tip," Dugan called back from the doorway, with an attempt at friendliness. "This ain't so terrible. It happens to lots of guys. You just picked the wrong joint. There's plenty of nice little hotels that ain't so choosey. Ask any taxi driver. Ask her."

"Get out of here," Bradbury roared. When the door had closed upon the detective, he put his arms around the frightened girl. "Don't let it worry you," he comforted. "I'd like to kill that clumsy fool."

"Oh, please, Jim, don't do anything more about it," she pleaded piteously. "Let's forget it and get out of here as quickly as we can."

But Jim Bradbury had no intention of forgetting the insult to his bride. He told his story to Bonner, the hotel manager, a few minutes later in his private office to which he insisted Claire should accompany him. Bonner was aghast. He realized that the man who had been dispossessed had a suit for a hundred thousand dollars against the hotel and his relief was plainly apparent when Bradbury assured him that all he wanted was an apology.

"Personally and for the hotel, I most humbly

(Continued on page 27)

The Broadway

By ETHEL

Adele Dorey was leaving Broadway for a whole summer. She wouldn't tell her manager, Larry Miller, where he could find her, nor would she even permit her devoted admirer, Morton Kane, to write to her.

IT WAS the closing night of the season and Adele Dorey was glad. She was going away immediately to some quiet country town where Broadway was but a name, where no one would know her and where she and Jane, her motherly maid, could spend the restful summer months. She was going to eat country meals, wear country clothes and forget she was a musical comedy star. Her manager, Larry Miller, was not to know where she was. Morton Kane, who all year had been urging her to take her vacation in the form of a honeymoon trip to Europe, was not to be able to get in touch with her—even in care of General Delivery. Next season's play was to be tucked away in the bottom of her trunk—and there it was to stay. And the new life was going to start the very next morning.

ADELE DOREY was swinging down the sunlit street of a small town several miles from New York. Groups of merry, jostling girls passed her. There must be a meeting of the Young People's Sewing Circle, she thought to herself. She even wished they would invite her to join them. On a little side street the groups came to a halt, blocking her way. She looked up with a smile to see a colorful sheet advertising "The Gay Girlies Burlesque" beside the stage entrance of the Opera House. The next minute she was pushed with the crowd right through the door onto the big barren stage. From snatches of conversation she learned that Bob Lewis, press agent and leading man of the show, had advertised for local talent. She started to retrace her steps when she was shoved into a seat between two husky country girls. She decided to stay and watch the efforts of the ambitious stage aspirants. One after another they got up on the floor and exhibited the steps that at one time or another had been favorably commented upon in the local paper. The line was dwindling down and it was nearing her turn, so she took that as the proper cue for her exit. But, as she started across the stage, Bobby Lewis was attracted by something unusual in her appearance and came running after her.

"Don't get impatient, girlie," he said, grasping her arm. "It's your turn next. Now show us what you can do."

"But I—" she started.

"Oh, that's all right, kid," the leading man told her. "Don't get nervous. You're among friends."

With that he signaled the accompanist to play a popular air and, almost unconsciously, Adele fell into a dance routine. Bobby watched her with growing interest. This girl had talent, he could make something of her. He told her so the minute she had finished. Of course, it would take lots of hard work on her part but it was worth it.

"But I—" she began again.

And again Bobby interrupted:

"Now don't be nervous, girlie. I'm a good teacher and you'll soon be swinging along like a regular chorus girl."

Jane was horrified when Adele, with mischeviously sparkling eyes, told her where she had spent the morning.

This is an adaptation of Columbia Pictures' screen presentation of the story by Gladys Lehman, produced by Harry Cohn and directed by George Archainbaud. Miss Lehman wrote the scenario and Marie Saxon appeared as Adele Dorey, Jack Egan as Bobby Lewis, Louise Fazenda as Jane, Howard Hickman as Larry Miller, Ernest Hilliard as Morton Kane, Gertrude Short as Annabelle, Eileen Percy as Dolly, Charlotte Merriam as Mazie, Fred MacKaye as Billie and Billy Franey as the baggage man.

Hoofer

ROSEMON

Bobby Lewis offered Mrs. Brown a salary of sixty dollars a week as wardrobe mistress if she would permit her daughter to continue with his troupe. He even raised it to sixty-five and then the "mother", in desperation, put the decision up to Jane.

"Behold Jane Brown of the chorus of 'The Gay Girlies Burlesque'!" she laughed merrily, pirouetting around the room.

"But, Miss Dorey," Jane protested, "you came here to rest and this is—why, it's scandalous!"

But her young mistress's gay laugh was her only answer.

BOBBY LEWIS accompanied his young "find" home from the theatre that night. He wanted to meet her mother to get her permission to let Jane go on the road with the show. The real Jane had the second big surprise of the day when Adele introduced her as her mother, Mrs. Brown. Bobby at once mustered all his arguments in favor of her permitting her talented young daughter to follow the stage as a profession, for Adele had given parental opposition as an excuse for being forced to leave the company at the end of its stay in her home town. Bobby saw at once that it would take considerable persuasion on his part to overcome Mrs. Brown's objections to the stage. He concluded by offering her a position as wardrobe mistress at a salary of sixty dollars a week. When she hesitated, he raised it to sixty-five but assured her that this was the very top. Finally in desperation Jane told him that it depended entirely upon her daughter. Adele's prop was swept from under her feet and she could find no adequate reason for refusing to continue as a member of the troupe. When "The Gay Girlies Burlesque" left town at the end of the week, Jane Brown and her bewildered mother boarded the train with the company. Adele figured that she could soon find some excuse for leaving and a week or so would be a lark. But, as performance followed performance and the young man exerted his best efforts to her training and began to speak glowingly of Broadway as the goal—provided she was willing to keep on working hard—she began to take the lark seriously—or perhaps it was that she was beginning to take Bobby Lewis seriously. As they traveled from town to town, spending their days in fifth or sixth rate country hotels, their nights in theatres that, according to the Broadway standard, were barns, Jane's protests grew louder and louder. It was nearing time for rehearsals for Miss Dorey's new show and here she was, not resting but working harder than ever. Adele had graduated from the chorus now and was doing a specialty with the leading man. They always went over with a wallop and Bobby Lewis patted himself on the back. Some teacher, he was!

TOWARD the end of the summer Jane saw by Variety that the rehearsal call for Miss Dorey's show had gone out—and still Adele remained a member of "The Gay Girlies Burlesque". This was more than a lark—it threatened to become a tragedy. Then the maid decided to take to herself in reality the prerogative that Adele had thrust upon her as her mother. She wired to Larry Miller's office, telling him where they were and what his missing star was doing. The next train bore the manager and Morton Kane to the little town which until that day they had never known existed. They sat in the shadow of a box and watched the performance, Miller with the enjoyment of the showman, Morton Kane with a sudden unpleasant misgiving. Adele and her partner danced well together. They put over their numbers with snap and pep—and something more. He would have said that Adele had more sense than to become interested in an ordinary leading man of a fourth-rate burlesque show—but then he would have said

The specialty number Bobby and Jane did in "The Gay Girlies Burlesque" was the hit of the show.

that she had far too much sense to spend her summer trouping around with a road show.

After the last act, the two men went backstage. Adele was surprised but glad to see them. She realized this thing couldn't go on forever and it was a relief to have some one force her into a decision.

"Don't scold, Larry," she laughed. "Maybe I have held up rehearsals but look what I've found for you. Bobby Lewis has the makings of a Broadway star. A little training, the proper clothes and you have a box office bet."

Yes, the boy had personality, he was good. Larry wasn't so sure that he could make a star of him, but he might be all right for secondary roles.

Kane listened to the conversation with little relish. If Adele was interested enough to take the boy to Broadway, she might be interested enough to keep him there with her permanently.

While she was changing to her street clothes, he strolled down the corridor. The door of Bobby Lewis' dressing-room was open. Bobby, himself, was sitting before his dressing-table, gazing in admiration at something he held in his hand. It wasn't large enough for Kane to see from the corridor that the something was a solitaire and, as he knocked on the door and entered the room on the pretense that he was looking for a match, the boy hastily dropped the ring into his pocket. After introducing himself, Kane stopped for a moment to chat and, of course, no one could chat with Bobby Lewis these days without hearing praises of Jane Brown in the first two minutes of the conversation.

"So you were out front this afternoon?" Bobby began. "What do you think of my little partner? Isn't she a crackerjack? Just a little amateur I picked up this summer in a country town. I'm going to make something of her. Why, when I get through training her, Broadway managers are going to flock to her with contracts. Isn't she a clever dancer, though?"

To Bobby's surprise, his visitor stared at him for a moment without answering.

"Yes, she is a clever dancer," he said finally, "but she is a cleverer actress." There seemed to be some hidden significance behind his words and the boy looked at him questioningly. "Do you mean to say," Kane went on, "that you've been working with that girl all summer and think that she is an amateur? Jane Brown! Why, she's been putting one over on you. Goodness only knows why. Your little country find is Adele Dorey, the idol of Broadway, the best bet in show business."

The boy's face whitened and an angry glint darkened his eyes. He, too, did not know why she had deceived him, but, whatever her reason, he did not like it. He had laboriously gone through the gesture of teaching her dance routines and she had kidded him into believing that the steps were new. He had fallen in love with the little country girl and she had let him do it. Yes, he believed she had even encouraged him.

WHEN Bobby Lewis knocked at the door of his partner's dressing-room a few minutes later, she did not give him a chance to speak but eagerly introduced Larry Miller, a manager from New York who had been out front watching the show. Of course, Bobby had heard of him. Everybody in the theatrical profession had one ambition —to meet the great producer. And she had more wonderful news for him. Mr. Miller was taking them to New York, both of them. Just as Bobby had so often predicted, they were to land on Broadway. But no answering spark of gladness shone in the boy's eyes and finally Adele stopped short in her happy prophecy of what the future held for them.

"So you thought you put one over?" Bobby turned on her. "Well, you had your little fun and I had mine, for you certainly helped the show. But now you're through. It's my turn. Bobby Lewis has the unique distinction of firing from 'The Gay Girlies Burlesque', Adele Dorey, the darling of Broadway."

Tears misted the girl's eyes and she held out a pleading hand as the boy rushed for the door.

"Oh, Bobby," she cried, "I didn't mean any harm, I really didn't mean to deceive you, but—"

He was already outside in the corridor, engaging for the evening performance one of the minor

players who all summer had been watching Adele's progress with envious, jealous eyes. With a sob, Adele turned away and with her head on Larry Miller's shoulder cried out her disappointment and heartache.

REHEARSALS were in full swing. The book and music of Adele Dorey's new show had all the earmarks of a great hit, but the director was in despair. The star was walking through her lines, was singing her songs as if they had no connection with her. Even her feet seemed to have grown leaden during the summer. As a last resort, he took his troubles to Larry Miller. Miller was a good scout, the best in the business, and the director hated to see him produce a flop. And that's what he was headed for at this very minute—at least, if Adele Dorey could not be made to see what she was doing, or, rather, what she was not doing. But Miller was cheerful, optimistic, even after he had heard his director's tale of woe. That very morning, he had read in Variety that Bobby Lewis was opening that night as a dancer in one of the night clubs that line the side streets off Broadway. The producer had already reserved a table and had insisted upon Adele's accompanying him. She did not know the reason for this insistence but she was extremely fond of her manager and if he thought she needed pepping up and the night club would perform the miracle, she was going to let him have his way.

BOBBY LEWIS might have been a hit in "The Gay Girlies Burlesque" but Broadway night club frequenters couldn't see him. To them he was just another hoofer, not such a good hoofer at that. His act was going to flop; in fact, it had flopped when from a table occupied by Larry Miller and his party a lovely golden-haired girl with happy, sparkling eyes and a flashing smile arose and called out:

"Say, sonny, have you a brother?"

The dancer turned in the direction of the voice and stood staring at the girl in mute surprise. Adele Dorey here! But her eyes had the same twinkle, her smile the same encouragement that had made their little specialty number such a success in "The Gay Girlies Burlesque". She had given him his cue and was waiting for his answer. Almost unconsciously the boy's smile met hers and the next line of their patter came with the sureness of many repetitions. Then she gracefully glided between the tables and came to his side and they continued their act, went into their song and then their dance number. A few recognized Adele Dorey. Even those who thought it just part of the hoofer's act burst into enthusiastic applause, for they had never seen a singing and dancing team work together in such perfect harmony. Adele and Bobby were called to the floor to take bow after bow and, when the applause had finally subsided, they faced each other alone in the boy's dressing-room.

The happy couple turned quickly as from the doorway Larry Miller's voice announced: "Rehearsal at ten o'clock sharp—for both of you."

"Gee, Jane—I mean, Miss Dorey," Bobby began, "it was swell of you to help me out. If you hadn't, I would have been a perfect flop."

"Why, of course, you wouldn't, Bobby," she encouraged. "But you know our act always was sure-fire and dancing alone—well, I guess, they're sort of fed up on that sort of entertainment."

"But why did you do it?" the boy questioned wonderingly.

"Well, you see"—Adele came closer, somehow managed to get into his arms without his knowing exactly how it happened—"you see, a girl should always do everything in her power to get her future husband the breaks."

"Do you really mean that?" Bobby questioned happily.

"Of course I do," Adele returned, snuggling closer.

At that moment there was a chuckle from the doorway and they turned quickly to find Larry Miller beaming at them.

"Say, you youngsters," he warned with mock sternness, "you'd better run along home now and get some rest. There's a rehearsal call for ten o'clock tomorrow morning, ten o'clock sharp, remember—for both of you."

That's That

No, Greta Garbo is not contemplating going out into the stormy night in search of an honest man. The lantern is just a prop in Greta's first talking picture "Anna Christie". All the Garbo fans —and who isn't one?— are waiting with eagerness to hear the voice of the screen's most interesting personality. It wasn't an easy task for the little Swedish star to master the English language but Anna, herself, is of Swedish descent, so an accent more or less will add to the reality of the characterization.

THERE are plenty of colorful personalities in Hollywood but the career of Harry Green, who has the principal role in "The Kibitzer", can measure up to any of them—for example: He became a vaudeville performer, playing eleven performances a day in a small New York theatre, enabling him to support himself and his mother and attend law school in the mornings. He was graduated from law school and practiced for a short time. He played in England, in stock and in the music halls, for five years. He owns the Lyric Theatre in London. He spent two years playing stock in Australia. He toured South Africa in "The Music Master", "Give and Take" and "Is Zat So?" He went to Hollywood after hunting big game in the Congo and was given his first role with Charles "Buddy" Rogers in "Close Harmony". His biggest hit in vaudeville was his act as George Washington Cohen. He was born on April Fools' Day.

IF JOHN HOLLAND hadn't obeyed an impulse to visit the "big top" one night, both stage and screen would have been deprived of one of their most engaging leading men. A petite, brown-eyed trapeze performer was the magic lure. The moment he spied her, he was head over heels in love with her.

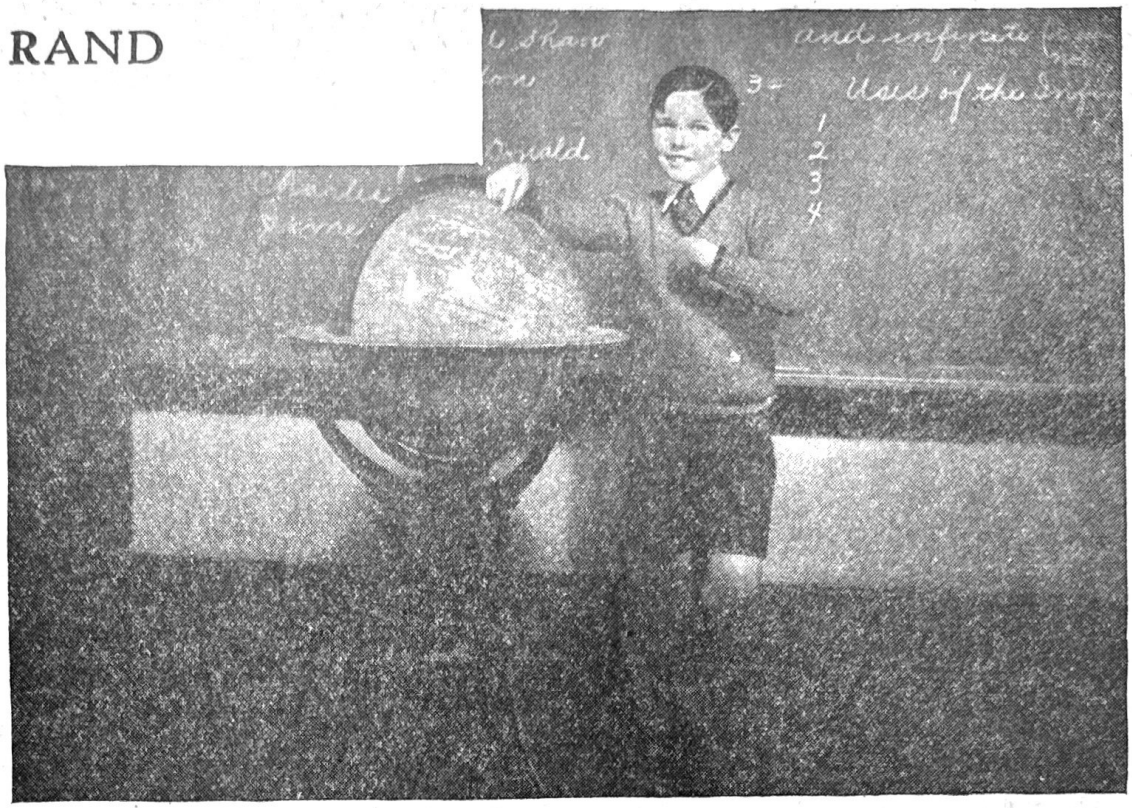
"When I saw her climb the rope with the agility of a little monkey, I was ready to follow her to the end of the world," says Holland. "After the show was over, I couldn't tear myself away from the grounds. I felt that somehow, some way, I must remain near the object of my affections. I offered my services as assistant to the man who was pulling up the stakes. I made good in this job and was taken on permanently.

"Each night I stood in the wings and watched the girl of my dreams doing flying leaps from one trapeze to another. Finally, I could no longer withstand the mad desire to tell her of my love. One night, when I was sure she was alone, I entered her dressing-room and revealed my identity and my adoration. We were getting along famously when our conversation was rudely interrupted by the appearance of a man. I recognized him as the weight lifter, one of the featured stars of the side show. He ended my romance with a brawny fist blow and I learned to my sorrow that he was the husband of the girl.

"However, my short life with performers gave me a desire to be one of them. I was completely fascinated with the glamor. From the circus, I drifted to the stage and then to the movies. It was a fateful night when I visited that circus."

Gloria Swanson is one of those stars who is more beautiful talking than silent. "The Tresspasser" is one of the most interesting productions the season has to offer. "Queen Kelly", they say, after a hectic career, will be given some songs and finally brought to the screen.

By **RUTH RAND**



"This is where I live," says Tommy Clifford, pointing to a nice little, green little isle. Tommy was brought to America under contract to Fox Movietone. His first work is in John McCormack's initial Movietone production as yet untitled. The eleven-year-old Irish lad was selected from several other schoolboys appearing in the Irish sequences of the McCormack picture as the result of the manner in which he recited "Evening Bells, Those Evening Bells" before Director Frank Borzage and the entire Movietone unit when the company was making native scenes.

A RESIDENT of a certain popular New York hotel was complaining yesterday that there wasn't a bell boy in sight for full half an hour. The answer: Clara Bow had just arrived. And from the stage of the Paramount Theatre Harry Richman told the audience that his fiancee was waiting. Was it Clara? Was she waiting? And for whom? We have stopped guessing.

* * *

A COUPLE of issues ago we spoke of the queer gifts picture players receive. Since then a Hollywood scribe has sent us additional interesting facts.

Many admirers of Corinne Griffith are aware that her chief hobby is her garden and her favorite gifts are lilies and growing plants. They are Corinne's favorites, too.

The elaborate miniature doll's house on which Colleen Moore has lavished so much time and affectionate interest has received widespread publicity, with the result that dolls and tiny furniture are usually inside the packages that come to her from sources unrevealed.

Dick Barthelmess usually receives books and statuary from his unknown fans. Just before he sailed for Europe recently a well-meaning friend sent him a globe of goldfish. He had to send it ashore from the ship.

Once a Shetland pony was sent to Jack Mulhal. He hasn't the least notion why.

Practical jokers often take a hand in the game of mystification and certain stars are apparently singled out more than others. Again and again, taxicabs, flowers c. o. d. and other unexpected objects have arrived at the house of Alice White, much to Miss White's surprise. Once a seven-piece orchestra turned up and informed her that they had been directed to come to the White apartment to play for a party.

Ann Harding, who was introduced to picture fans in "Paris Bound" by Pathe, is increasing her following in "Her Private Affair". The talkies brought her to the screen from the stage where her most notable success was the title role in "The Trial of Mary Dugan".

And not long ago Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., got an unsigned letter enclosing a quarter for a haircut! Doug took it good-naturedly and is still wearing his hair in the style he prefers.

Perhaps the queerest experience is that of Connie Lewis, younger sister of Lois Wilson. Besides sending her things, her anonymous admirer used to call her up on the telephone every night. Sometimes he would say, "I like that dress you are wearing today," or "You had a hard time opening the garage door tonight, didn't you?" But he would never tell her who he was, and Miss Lewis became so annoyed at last that she told the police about it. And immediately the undesired attentions ceased. Miss Lewis has no idea how the mysterious stranger heard of her appeal to the law.

"Aw, come on. It'll do you good. Besides, this is your wedding night—we ought to celebrate a little."
"We do not need to celebrate—it's not that kind of a wedding."

SOUTH SEA

By JEAN

IN THE convent grounds of one of the South Sea Islands Rosalie Dumay sat embroidering the delicate stitches the good Sisters had taught her, while her young mind was busy with dreams, dreams of the carefree days in her beloved Bordeaux, of the years when on her father's ship she had sailed unknown seas, had stopped at bustling ports where her young eyes had gazed with delight at the shop windows with their display of glittering jewels, of soft silks, rich furs, dainty, sheer underwear worn by the laughing, carmined-lipped girls who nightly made gay in the dance halls she heard the sailors talk about. Then Tiger Dumay had taken to rum-running and had left her at the convent for safety. He had never returned, for one dark night, when he was making for port with a cargo of liquor, the hijackers' guns had ended his life.

Rosalie pricked her finger and grunted impatiently. How dull life was in the convent with its constant routine of lessons, its endless hours of sewing and embroidering! If it weren't for those evenings when she stole away and visited the natives down near the shore, singing their songs, joining in their dances, she never could have stood it. And one time a traveler from a big city who had touched at the port had written a song about her. "South Sea Rose," he called it and it soon became the favorite song of the island. Rosalie, herself, sang it constantly—when the Sisters were not near. Suddenly she looked up from her work, all alert, as the low, familiar call of a native boy reached her ears. Glancing quickly around to assure herself that no nun was in sight, she ran to the gate.

"Captain Briggs down at the trading post—he want to see you," the boy whispered.

"I come right away," she told him eagerly.

Captain Briggs, the rollicking sailor who for two years had been one of the crew of her father's boat, had played with her on the broad decks, had taken her to see the sights when they stopped at port, yes, had even spanked her—surely he would take her away from this dull, lonely convent!

But, when she stole down to meet him at the post a few minutes later, she found that her former playmate, now grown into a husky, sea-faring man, owner of the ship that had once been her father's, was not so ready to fall in with her plans—seemingly. In reality he had stopped at the island for that express purpose. On the last trip to Shanghai, he had lost five thousand dollars at Fan Tan—and the five thousand had belonged to the first officer, Hackett. Now Hackett wanted it back, had even threatened him if he didn't get it. Then Briggs had thought of Tiger Dumay's girl in the convent. Before the hijackers had put an end to his career, Tiger had piled up a couple of millions and had left his fortune with a brother in Bordeaux for his little girl, Rosalie. Briggs would get her to marry him and thus become the legal guardian of her wealth.

"I'd love to take you, Rosalie," he told her when she begged him not to sail that night without her, "but it's pretty tough carrying female cargo."

"But I cannot stand it here any longer," she protested. "Every time I see a bird flying over the water, I want to go away, too, but I cannot—I am a prisoner." Still Briggs objected, at the same time

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This is an adaptation of the William Fox screen presentation of the story by Tom Cushing. Allan Dwan directed with Lenore Ulric appearing as Rosalie Dumay, Charles Bickford as Captain Briggs, Kenneth MacKenna as Dr. Tom Winston, Farrell MacDonald as Hackett, Elizabeth Patterson as Sarah, Tom Patricola as Willie Gump, Ilka Chase as Charity, George MacFarlane as the tavern keeper and trader, Ben Hall as the cabin boy, Daphne Pollard as Mrs. Nott, Roscoe Ates as Elmer and Charlotte Walker as the Mother Superior.

ROSE

PENNINGTON

The doctor drew her to him. She was charming, adorable —and he loved her.

fanning her desire with recollections of the gay ports they had visited with her father, the pretty trifles they had bought in the gay shops. "Captain, you can make up your mind to take me along with you on that boat," she declared finally, "because I will be there—even if I have to swim."

ROSALIE had been "female cargo" for four months, months of joy and happiness for her, for again they had stopped at ports and Briggs had given her money to buy many things, lovely clothes and jewelry—additional money advanced by the mate. But now Hackett was growing impatient. They were nearing Land's End, their destination, and his money seemed just as far away as ever.

"If you're going to marry her, you'd better get busy right away," he told the Captain one day, "because, if she ever gets ashore, you won't be able to hold her with a team of mules."

Then Briggs sent for her to come to his cabin. He met her with a worried frown. He thought he would be able to smuggle her into port, he told her, but he found that it was too dangerous and the government authorities would be sure to send her back to the Islands. However, if she were married to an American citizen, they would have to let her in.

"But who, who?" Rosalie asked, terrified by the thought of being forced to return to the convent.

"Well, I'll tell you," Briggs began with seeming reluctance. "Of course, I feel kinda responsible for getting you into this jam and it's up to me to get you out of it, so I'm willing to go through for you and marry you. Hackett, here, can perform the ceremony."

Rosalie was delighted. In an ecstasy of relief she threw her arms around her benefactor.

"Oh, Captain, you are such a good friend to me!" she cried.

The crew gathered in the Captain's cabin to witness the simple ceremony but any attempt at celebrating the unusual event was cut short by the report from the deck that a storm was descending upon them and the summoning of every man to his post. A few minutes later, Briggs returned to Rosalie's quarters, a glass of liquor in his hand. He advised her to drink it to warm her up against the raw weather outside. But the girl did not want to drink. Instead, she was eager to show the Captain the new clothes she had bought in the last port.

"I don't want to see them," he grunted. "I get sick every time I think of the wad of dough I had to hand out for them."

"Oh, don't worry about that," she told him. "My uncle in Bordeaux will give you back everything."

"That's just what I came in to talk to you about, Rosalie," he announced, "that money of yours in Bordeaux. I don't want you to have to worry about that dough."

"No, I don't want to have to worry about it," she laughed. "You worry about it for me."

This the Captain was perfectly willing to do and the girl took his ready acquiesence as additional proof of his kindness. Then again he urged her to drink.

"Aw, come on. It'll do you good. Besides, this is your wedding night—we ought to celebrate a little."

"We do not need to celebrate—it's not that kind of a wedding," she reminded him.

Further urging on his part was cut short by the entrance of one of the crew with the news that Hackett had been seriously injured. The main sheet had been carried away by the storm and part of the spar had fallen on him. Then Rosalie took charge of the situation. The Sisters at the convent had trained her well in the art of first aid and she had the true instinct of a nurse. From the time Hackett was laid unconscious in his bunk until

five days later, the doctor, wirelessed for to Land's End, could get through the fog, she never left his side. Young Dr. Winston looked in astonishment at the Captain's wife who seemed little more than a child and yet by her skill had undoubtedly saved the life of the first officer.

When the boat finally reached dock and Hackett was transferred to the hospital ambulance, Rosalie, decked out in Rio's idea of Paris clothes, bent over him.

"Now you be a good boy," she said, "and I come to see you every day in the hospital."

"Thanks, kid," the sick man murmured. "The doctor told me what you did for me—and I—I'm sure thankful to you."

"Well, goodby, Mrs. Briggs," Dr. Winston added. "You've been a great little nurse."

"I hope I get sick right away, so you come and see me," she smiled up at him .

"But I hope I won't have to call professionally," he laughed back.

IN THE days that followed, her hours with Dr. Winston formed the one bright spot in Rosalie's life. To the impulsive, warm-hearted girl with her memories of her beloved Bordeaux, of the sun-kissed tropical island where the natives loved to sing and dance and while away the drowsy hours with laughter, the Massachusetts coast was cold, repellent, and the people she met seemed to have taken on the attributes of their country. Briggs' sister, Sarah, with whom he left her while he went on to Bordeaux to see about the money, was shocked that her only brother had taken as his wife a "cannibal", as she termed her. Her New England spinsterhood was outraged by everything Rosalie said, everything she wore, everything she did. And, little by little, the girl took to spending more time at the hospital with Hackett—and Docor Winston always managed to steal leisure from his duties to be with her. To the young physician she was like some rare, beautiful bird that had had its wings clipped and had been forced to land in the midst of a bleak, drab waste. None of the reserved, convention-bound natives understood her. Everywhere she went she was met with questioning glances, so, added to the attraction of her beauty, of her sweet, joy-loving nature, there came gradually to be mingled with the doctor's feeling for her a desire to protect her. Of course, the nurses gossiped at seeing them together so frequently on the hospital grounds and the gossip soon extended to the town, reached the ears of Sarah Briggs. When her brother returned unexpectedly one afternoon, she had it all saved up for him—and nothing of gentleness was added to the telling by the fact that her first question to her brother regarding the size of the girl's fortune, the only consideration that could have possibly formed an excuse for his marrying her, brought the startling information that Rosalie was penniless. And, to add to the sister's irritation, the Captain did not seem properly downcast over his loss.

"Where is she now?" he interrupted her lamentations quite cheerfully.

"Where she's been ever since you went away," she answered sourly, "at the hospital, pretending to visit that no-account sailor of yours, Hackett, but really keeping a rendezvous with the doctor. Everybody in town's talking about it."

"Why, you're crazy!" her brother told her.

"Crazy, am I?" she repeated shrilly. "You think I don't know what goes on under my own nose. Right here in the house she's had him, pretending she was sick, had him up in her room for hours at a stretch—yes, and she half-naked in them French lingerie while he examined her. He's probably examining her now at the hospital."

"Oh, bunk!" he exclaimed impatiently as he hurried from the house and took the winding road up to the hospital grounds.

Just inside the gate he met Hackett who had been discharged that day and was making his way down to his quarters in the village.

"Where's my dough?" the man questioned at once.

"The old man's fortune was a bust. We picked a bloomer, so you'll have to take my equity in the ship," Briggs told him. "That's all I've got."

"That's fair enough," the other agreed.

"Where's Rosalie?" the Captain asked eagerly.

"Gone home, I suppose," Hackett told him.

Just as Briggs started to retrace his steps, he heard an interne inquiring for Dr. Winston and he frowned threateningly as a nurse informed him that she had just passed him, going toward the pool with a lady. The Captain turned in the direction the nurse had indicated and without a word Hackett went with him. If there was to be any trouble, he meant to be present. It was little enough he could do to repay the girl to whom he owed so much. At the edge of a tree-enclosed nook, the two men stopped, arrested by the sound of voices. Looking through the branches, they saw Dr. Winston and Rosalie, sitting in a swing.

"Rosalie," the doctor was saying, "can't you understand? I've been fighting against myself for such a long time but now I see it isn't any use. I'm just crazy about you. You must have known it."

"Oh, yes, I have known," came the girl's answer, "but I never thought that you would tell me. It is so nice to hear some one say, 'I love you'."

"And could you care for me, too?" he continued.

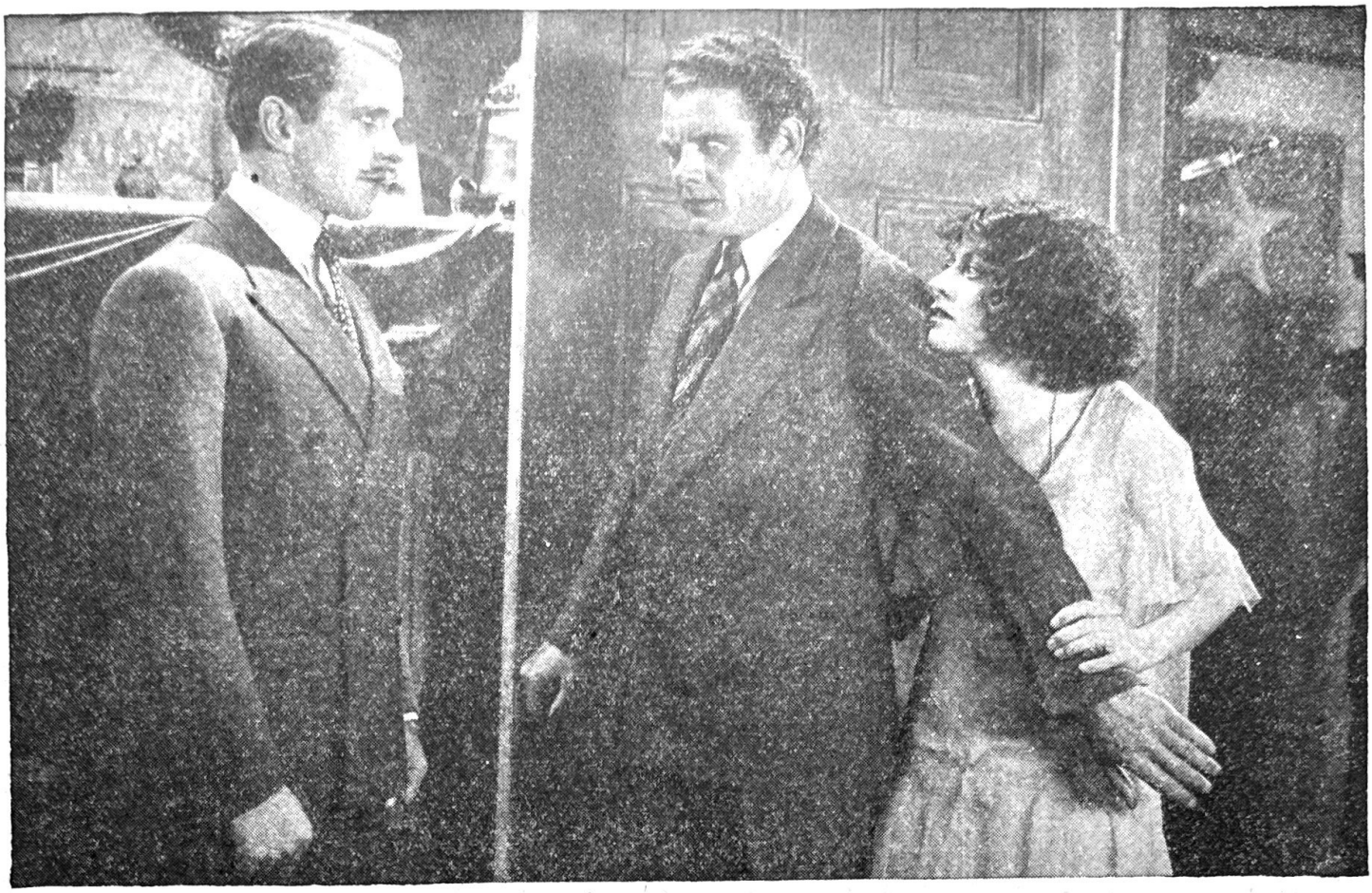
"You're a very nice doctor," she smiled up at him. "You have such a nice moustache and such nice, kind eyes—just like a cow."

"A what?" the man questioned in amazement.

"A cow," she repeated. "Oh, but cows have very beautiful eyes."

"You're charming!"

The doctor drew her to him and pressed a kiss on her laughing lips. From behind the tree, Briggs made a move to break in upon the scene but Hackett grasped his arm.



"Oh, doctor, he saw us at the hospital."

"Hold on—wait a minute," he whispered. "She doesn't mean a blasted thing to you and that young lad can make her happy. Go on—give her a break."

Briggs permitted himself to be led away leaving the two in the swing ignorant of the fact that eavesdroppers had witnessed their love-making. When the Captain returned to his house, he called Dr. Winston's office and left word for him to come over at once on an emergency case.

A HALF hour later, Rosalie entered the house with the glad cry of, "Captain! Captain!"

He came to the door of his den to meet her.

"Oh, I am so happy to see you!" she exclaimed, throwing herself into his arms. "I have just met Hackett and he have told me you are back. Well, what is this?" she questioned as he made no move to return her greeting. "Are you not happy to see me? It has been so lonely."

"Yes, so I understand," he returned sarcastically. "I suppose that doctor kinda helped you forget your loneliness, didn't he?"

"Oh, he has been very kind," Rosalie told him.

Briggs' eyes held hers.

"Is it your idea of kindness to let him kiss you the way he did a while ago at the hospital?" he demanded.

"Oh, you have seen that?" she questioned with no sign of embarrassment. "It was the first time."

"Quit your stalling, Rosalie," he told her, "What's he to you? Do you love him?"

"Do I love him?" she exclaimed heatedly. "And you shall ask me that? What do you care whom I love? You bring me to this terrible place and leave me with that old crocodile of a sister of yours while you go away over the whole world and do anything you please. You have not the time to send me a letter or a telegram. Let me tell you something, Captain—if anything has happened to me, it is your fault."

From the other room they could hear Charity, the maid of all work, admitting Dr. Winston, his anxious inquiring who was ill. Then Briggs opened the door of his den and called to the physician.

"Oh, doctor," Rosalie began the moment he had joined them, "he saw us at the hospital."

"Well?" Winston questioned calmly.

"Yes, she is right. I saw you kissin' her. I'd have torn your heart out then if it hadn't been for Hackett. I suppose you love her."

"Certainly," Winston returned without hesitation.

"And does she love you?" the Captain continued.

"I hope so, but you'll have to ask her that."

"I suppose you feel kinda proud of yourself, stealin' the love of another man's wife," Briggs sneered.

"Oh, come now, don't be heroic, Briggs," the doctor exclaimed. "She's not your wife. She's free to choose any man she wants."

"What?" Rosalie's eyes were wide with wonder as she gazed from one man to the other.

"Rosalie, the laws of this state do not permit

(Continued on page 25)

For five years Vallery Grove and Don Warren had been sweethearts. But they were both penniless and they moved in a circle where beautiful homes, expensive motor cars, rich jewels and furs were the accepted order of things.

SECOND

By HELEN

"MISS GROVE, I want to apologize for interfering in your affairs. It was very impertinent of me."

Owen Mallory gazed sympathetically at the pale-faced girl who stood before him. He had been trying for a whole week to see her, ever since that night when, at the Country Club, he had been an unwilling witness to the brief drama that had brought heartbreak to Vallery Grove. He, himself, had been trying to forget his own disappointment, for, just a few days before, his fiancée, Beth Randall, had broken her engagement to him in favor of an older—and wealthier—suitor. He had been alone in the library of the club when Vallery and Don Warren had entered, had heard the boy tell her that he was going to marry the wealthy Madge Harcourt—this after Don and Val had been constant companions for five years—had heard the girl's heartbroken denunciation of the boy who had made his present circle of friends through her influence, for the Groves, though in moderate circumstances themselves, were one of the best families in town. Then Owen, coming out from behind the portieres, had apologized for his eavesdropping and expressed a desire to get his hands on a boy like that. When Vallery had told him she wished he could, he had followed Don out into the garden and a fight had ensued. The cause of it had spread rapidly and the girl imagined that everyone was sympathizing with her because she had been jilted for her wealthier successor. Now she smiled up at her caller gratefully.

"I am sure you acted very gallantly," she told him, "but nothing matters now—I'm the town joke."

"Just as I am," he added. "We're in the same boat. And what are your plans now, if I may ask?" he continued with interest.

"I shall go on the husband-hunt again," she told him bitterly, "but this time more successfully. I won't respect anybody's property, I won't be fair

This is an adaptation of Warner Brothers' screen presentation based on the story by Elizabeth Alexander. Joseph Jackson wrote the scenario and Howard Bretherton directed, with Dolores Costello appearing as Vallery Grove, Chester Morris as Don Warren, Jack Mulhall as Owen Mallory, Edna Murphy as Beth Randall, Charlotte Merrians as Madge Harcourt, Ethlyne Clair as Edith Pemberton, Jimmie Clemmons as Ned Pemberton, Edward Martindel as Herbert Satterlee, Henry Stockbridge as Mr. Grove and Anna Chance as Mrs. Grove.

Owen Mallory was sympathetic, understanding, when, even Don Warren and she at their broke do

CHOICE

HOYT

to anyone, and, of course, I won't be sentimental."

"You don't mean to say you'll marry just anyone who asks you?" he questioned in surprise, for Vallery Grove was one of the loveliest girls he had ever seen. It was a pity for her to let her first love affair spoil her life.

"Anyone I can make ask me," she laughed harshly.

There was a pause, then Owen proposed eagerly:

"Will you marry me? We've both got to marry some one sometime, so it might as well be each other. We're both in the same boat, both second choice."

Vallery was thoughtful for a moment. Why not? It would stop the gossip. Owen Mallory was wealthy in his own right, handsome, of good family, no one would suspect the motive for the marriage. It would be a way out for both of them.

MRS. GROVE was delighted when Vallery broke the news that she was to be married that very day. She had always been ambitious for her daughter, had frowned at the growing intimacy between Vallery and the penniless Don Warren. Of course, she had sympathized with her when the boy had deliberately cast her aside for a wealthier girl but deep down in her heart she was glad. It was with an air of triumph, then, that, when, just as Owen and Vallery had started away from the door on their trip to the adjoining state where the laws permitted their immediate marriage, Don Warren hurried up to her, she greeted:

"Isn't it thrilling? Vallery and Owen Mallory are going to be married right now."

The boy's face whitened. He had come directly from breaking his engagement to Madge Harcourt, for he had found that even for her father's millions he could not go through with the marriage while his heart belonged so completely to Vallery Grove. He had come to tell her so, to plead with her to take him back.

VALLERY GROVE did not believe there could be a man as tender, as considerate as the one she had married. He strove in every way to make her forget the heartbreak of the past week, making her feel his sympathetic understanding even when, at the wedding breakfast his devoted cook and butler had arranged on their return, thoughts of

(Continued on page 26)

Even for the sake of Madge Harcourt's father's millions, Don could not go ahead with the marriage while his heart still belonged so completely to Vallery Grove and he told Madge so.

at their wedding breakfast, Vallery's thoughts turned to broke down and sobbed.

Owen Mallory was sympathetic, understanding, when, even Don Warren and she at their wedding breakfast, Vallery's thoughts turned to broke down and sobbed.

Consult Mystic MYRA

SHE SEES ALL, HEARS ALL, KNOWS ALL— And, If She Doesn't, She'll Find Out.

✦ ✦

Helen M.: Is Gary Cooper as tall as he looks? Well, that depends upon how tall Gary looks to you. He is six foot two inches and weighs one hundred and eighty pounds. The hair you like so well is reddish-brown, the eyes, blue. He spent some of his boyhood in England, being taken there by his parents when he was nine years old. It was at the grammar school at Dunstable, Belfordshire, that he received his early education. After three and a half years he returned to his birthplace, Helena, Montana, and there entered high school. When he was thirteen years old, he was injured in an automobile accident and was obliged to leave school. To recuperate, he went to his father's cattle ranch on the Montana range and for two years lived the life of a cowboy. His health returned with the hours spent in the open and he entered college at Grinnel, Iowa, fit for anything—even the movies. After two years at college, he returned to Helena and got a job as cartoonist on one of the papers. When he went to Los Angeles, it was with the ambition to become a commercial artist. He got a job selling advertising display space, tired of it in three months and began hounding casting directors for a chance to appear in pictures. It took a year of extra work before an independent producer gave him his first real screen bit. This led to a part in "The Winning of Barbara Worth", after which Gary was signed up by Paramount. This tells you about all I know about your tall favorite.

* * *

Patsy: If Jean Arthur looks like the little girl who went to school with you, the chances are that she is the same, for Jean of the films was educated in the public schools of New York. No, I don't think that she would resent your writing to her and recalling your early memory of your school days, now that she is "on the road to success". * * *

Jack K.: You win. Adolphe Menjou was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., and not in Paris as your friend contends. However, his parents were French—but you still win the bet.

Bebe Daniels is flying high these days, both on the screen and off. Her performance in the colorful "Rio Rita" has won the unstinted praise of the critics and fans. And off the screen? Well, you know Bebe's favorite pastime is going up to shake hands with the clouds. Can you imagine how all the she-clouds must watch the he-clouds when Bebe's in the air? John Boles, too, has plenty of laurels to keep him warm any time the thermometer drops.

Just Dumb: So you're always getting Chester Morris and Jason Robards mixed up? For shame! Secret! I used to do the very same thing myself. So you'd like to learn something about Jason to help your fickle memory along? Well, here goes all I know. He was born in Hillsdale, Mich., and was educated there and in Saginaw. He attended the American Academy of Dramatic Arts and his stage debut was in the original production of "Lightnin' ", where he attracted the attention of Paramount and gained a role in support of Mae Murray in "The Gilded Lily". He was playing in "Seventh Heaven" on tour when he landed in Los Angeles and was put under contract by Universal. He is a golf enthusiast, swims and plays an excellent game of bridge. He has brown hair and eyes, weighs 170 pounds and is five feet ten inches tall. His talking pic-

(Continued on page 26)

LIVES of the GREAT

By HOWARD CURTIS

MAE MURRAY was born in Portsmouth, Va., on May 10. As soon as she was able to walk, her baby feet were always keeping time to any music she heard. Whenever doting relatives or friends asked the little golden-haired tot what she was going to be when she grew up, her answer was always the same, "A dancer."

When she was fifteen, she left her home town and set forth for New York where her striking blonde beauty and lovely form soon secured her a place in the Mecca of all stage aspirants, the Ziegfeld "Follies". As "The Nell Brinkley Girl", she became the vogue and was one of the most popular figures on the New York musical comedy stage and in smart dance-and-dining rooms. Her success as an entertainer soon brought her screen offers.

Mae Murray, famous as "The Nell Brinkley Girl", makes her talking-singing debut in Tiffany's "Peacock Alley". And, of course, she dances, too.

Starting before the camera, she employed all those quick little mannerisms that had endeared her to her public on the stage but she at once heard protests from all sides:

"Please slow down your action, Miss Murray. Remember you are in pictures where the tempo has to be much slower than on the stage."

But Mae was not convinced. What would she be without these characteristic gestures? She could not, would not be slowed down. And, when the first rushes were seen in the projection-room, it was discovered that the camera was picking up all those little mannerisms—a sudden movement of head or body, a roll of eyes and other characteristic motions—and putting a new personality on the screen. Thus it was that Mae Murray started a hitherto unknown vogue in screen acting.

Following her debut in "To Have and to Hold" for Jesse Lasky, she starred in a number of popular productions including "Peacock Alley," "Fascination," "Broadway Rose," "Jazzmania," "The French Doll," "The Merry Widow," "The Masked Bride," "Altars of Desire" and "Valencia".

Next, starting out to make personal appearances for two weeks, Miss Murray broke all records throughout the United States for length of engagements, number of return engagements and cash receipts.

She recently completed her first talking-singing picture for Tiffany Productions, "Peacock Alley". In this Miss Murray proves that her voice, both singing and speaking, is an asset to her screen personality. Two dance numbers, photographed in technicolor, are the star's own creations and are rendered with the characteristic Murray pep.

In private life the screen star is the wife of Prince Mdivini.

In private life Mae Murray is the wife of Prince Mdivini. Her husband is from the Province of Georgia in the Caucasus where Mdivini means "the king's right hand man". She is the mother of a two year old son, Koran.

Miss Murray designs all her own clothes, for she feels that they are a vital part of one's personality and can best be an expression of it when designed by the wearer. Besides she cannot resist the temptation to create lines and combine color.

Our School of Scenario Writing

Conducted by ANNE MAXWELL

LESSON One Hundred and One (Reviewed)

Do You Honestly Like Your Play?

ONE of the hardest things about playwriting seems to be for an author to get an impersonal view of his or her own work. The artist in all branches is likely to look favorably upon what he himself has created.

"I know I liked writing this play," says one of my correspondents, "so why shouldn't other people like to see it on the screen?"

Not the best of reasoning, for the very things that held the writer's interest in this particular instance happened to be too gloomy to please, and too psychological to lend themselves easily to screening. Writing gave the author a fine chance to bring out the characters of his people, but he did so in a manner that showed what they were through their thoughts and not through their actions. It is actions portraying character that are needed in writing for the films. This particular author liked writing his play, as he says, and made the mistake of thinking that therefore it would make a likeable play. If he had visualized it, scene by scene, in a quite impersonal way, he would have realized that, if it had been written by another and his first glimpse of it had been in screened form, he would not have liked it at all. He would have discovered that it was solely because he had found pleasure in its creation that he liked his finished work. Had it been the work of another, I'll wager that, "Gloomy and depressing," would be mild criticisms compared to those he would make use of, for he has a fine vocabulary and a keen sense of fitness in the use of descriptive adjectives.

Be that as it may, I am sure that he did not visualize his own work when he finished and try to get an impersonal reaction.

Perhaps some of us cannot, at first, treat our brain children quite as impersonally as I am suggesting. In that case, make a practice of visualizing every play you see.

When you have finished looking at a film, you know whether you like it or not. If you like it, think back. Just why do you like it? If you did not like it, just what was the cause?

Was the theme uninteresting to you or was it the treatment that you did not like? Do you think you could have written a better play, using the same general theme but a different plot?

Try to analyze the emotions that the different stages of the film aroused in you.

What scenes interested you most? Why? Did the film hold your attention all the way through or did you find your interest waning at a certain point? If this is the case, try by visualization and thought to find out the reason. Learning to do this with the plays of others will help you to take an impersonal view of your own work when you visualize it.

After an evening at the movies, look over your own script. Ah, there is the very fault you found with the play you have just seen! After a certain scene, the interest wanes. Why? Think of the reason you found for the waning interest in the film you have just seen. May that not be the reason for this same loss of interest in your own script? Recall how you thought this could have been remedied in that film, for you are certain to have thought of a way—we're all very good at fixing up the other fellow's work—and see if the same remedy will apply to your own script.

Constant criticism, appreciative or otherwise, of the screened plays of others, combined with the application of the same relentless methods to your own cherished scripts is bound to result in their betterment.

And those of you who find pleasure in gloomy and depressing themes and eccentric characters will discover that it is the writing about them that you really enjoy and that your taste in plays to look at is quite different. And, when you have discovered this, you will have gone a long way on the road toward writing a likeable picture play.

All this is taking for granted that we all have normal tastes in cinema entertainment, but, if you are like a couple of professional writers I have in mind and you never like anything that anyone else likes, why, you'll just have to "dree your own weird", which is what some poet has said, whatever that may mean.

"Always remember to be your own severest critic," is a pretty good rule as applied to scripts for screen plays.

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Universal Scenario Company

211 Western and Santa Monica Bldg. Hollywood, Calif.

HELPING HEARTS CLUB

Conducted by ROSEMARY LEE

Why this particularly fascinating smile, Helen? Kane it be you have just discovered our club?

Pals O'Mine:

I have just received such a lovely newsy letter from our pal, Nellie—once upon a time she was "Lonesome Nellie" but she isn't any more—and I want to pass it on to you. Nellie lives in a small town and her club affiliations have brought her many bright hours and think how much pleasure her wholesome happy way of looking upon life has brought to others.

I am omitting the name of the pen pal who is so ill. You who have written to him—and many of you have—know who he is. I believe, if we hold cheerful, healthful thoughts for our dear ones who are in trouble, we can in our humble way do much to dispel the dark shadows that threaten.

Here is Nellie's letter in part:

"Rosemary, I want you to know I'm just as busy as a bee with my Pen Pals all writing to me. Oh, honestly, Rosemary, the mail man leaves me two or three letters every day. Gee, but I'm happy, and I live only for those letters. And all just through your help. There are no words that can express my thanks to you.

"Only yesterday I had a letter from —— ——. A pal of his wrote the letter for him. Gee, but it breaks my heart, as I'm about to lose a good pal. Mac tells me that ——'s days are now counted before his end comes. It seems that he's fighting the horrible T. B. I got his snap, and he's such a sweet little lad.

"I received a Xmas card from Juliette, and she has promised to write me a letter very soon. I hope it won't be too long away.

"You remember those boys from the army called Bill, Ray and Charles? Well, I picked on Bill as a pal, and my great surprise was that he's of my own nationality, and he writes me a nice long letter every week. I also got his snap, and I've tried to have Santa remember him. Gee, I had a lot of fun with him! You know, I sent him my picture when I was a kid and one of my brother and told him just to imagine how I'd look between the two, and with bobbed hair. Honestly, you'd laugh if you saw his letter.

"Lone Eagle also writes to me and so many more.

"Baby and Jeanine of Lilac Time and I are having a lot of fun writing to one another. I wrote to Syl of Milwaukee, mistaking him for a girl. Boy, but he sure did laugh at my letter, and I had the laugh of my life from his, specially when I found out he was a boy.

"Ex-Nurse and Just Fat of Missouri are also my good pals.

"Oh, boy, what a letter I received from Just Somebody! Eight pages full!

"O. K. is a fine lad and a funny one, too, full of jokes all the time.

"My Business Man of Kansas City thought I was a widow or a divorcee. My, but I have a lot of fun! Well, I told him I was still living with a husband, so our friendship went for a vacation.

"Jockey of Chicago is a kind lad, and we always talk of horses and his music. He lives only a few blocks from an uncle of mine who is a priest, so he said he'd visit him soon.

"Closing with love to you from

"Your pal, "Nellie."

See how, like a pebble thrown into the water, our letters widen our interests. This is not the first case of a pal's relative's meeting another pal who is a neighbor.

And the letters are pouring in from all over the world—and, alas, our space at best is so limited. If we had the entire book at our disposal, we couldn't take care of the letters that daily find their way to your Big Chief Pal's desk.

Bless you all!

Rosemary Lee.

Dear Rosemary Lee:

I have been an interested reader of your department for some time and wonder if I would be welcomed into your fold.

I would just love to have some pen pals. My father is a traveling salesman and therefore I get a change of scenery real often. I just begin to make friends when I'm dragged off to some new location.

I'm nineteen years old, a lover of sports, especially swimming, and I drive a car. I live away out toward the tip of Cape Cod. It's rather lonesome in the winter, but what a grand old time I have in the summer.

I do hope some of the gang will write, both boys and girls. I have written to different departments, but have never had much luck. Can you help me out?

Would like to hear from Louis of Texas and Dolores of Wash. D. C., and loads of others. I promise to be prompt in answering. At present, I am

Cape Cod Margie.

I don't know much about Cape Cod, Margie, but it does sound like an interesting, dreamer-of-dreams place to live. But, then, any place is interesting if you have the will to make it so, don't you think? I'm sure the pals are going to send many letters down old New England way.

* * *

Dear Miss Lee:

I have just finished reading Helping Hearts Club for the first time. I would like to add one more lonely heart to your membership. I am lonely for letters—interesting ones. I would like to hear from sailors from all over the world. They must have loads to write about. Letters from any one interested in any kind of sports will be appreciated also.

I am twenty-one years old, five feet two, have blue eyes, black hair and weigh 115 pounds. I am a stenographer.

Somebody please give me a "break" and let me have some nice long letters. I'll answer all I receive. Hopefully,

Lenny.

Your handwriting is very attractive, Lenny. But how about that nice card with pen name, real name and address? That is for our files, you know, and each pal must send one in to be sure of efficient service in the forwarding of letters. Don't forget!

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

Have you room for one more in your club? I've read the letters for quite a while and wanted to write, so here I am, at last.

I'm just a Kentucky lassie but I adore receiving and sending letters, so won't some one hear my plea?

I'm twenty-two years of age, have black hair and eyes, weigh ninety-seven pounds and measure five feet two and one half inches.

I shall purchase each copy of M. P. S. to see if you've taken pity on me. Please, pen pals, write and I'll answer each and everyone of the letters received by

A Bit of Kentucky.

And then, of course, you will keep right on purchasing, won't you, Kentucky?

* * *

My dear Rosemary Lee:

May I join the Helping Hearts Club? I am a lonesome boy who would like to write to some girl near my age who wishes to have a real pal. I will answer all letters.

I am seventeen years old, have dark brown hair and blue eyes, am five feet, eight inches tall and weigh one hundred and forty pounds. I am considered fairly good-looking, although, you know, opinions vary. Wishing the H. H. C. greatest success, I am,

A Lonesome Indiana Boy.

How well you type, Lonesome Indiana Boy! I know some of my girls are going to be pleased to receive letters that are so easy to read.

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

May I join your pen pals? I sure would like to hear from some of the girls and boys from the ages of seventeen to thirty from all over.

I am eighteen years old, five feet three inches tall, brown hair and blue eyes. I have loads of friends but no pen pals. I like all kinds of sports, am told I'm a good singer, dance, and I like to read.

I would like to hear from John from Maryland, Lonesome Peggy of the Windy City, Aviator of Newark, Eric of Nova Scotia. Do you think they will write to me? I shall be waiting patiently for some letters.

Peggy of a Small Town.

It's always best to write to the pals of your choice first, Peggy. It sometimes happens that they get to the news stand after the magazine is sold out and miss learning of your desire to hear from them.

* * *

Dear Rosemary:

Just another girl wanting to join your club! But I'm neither lonesome nor blue. May I join, anyway?

I am five feet three, weigh 110 pounds, have brown hair and brown eyes. I'm free, white and happy. I'm eighteen years and a dignified senior. I love to dance and do anything else that is adventurous.

I want to hear from one of Uncle Sam's Leathernecks and from the Lone Eagle from Montana. I promise to answer all letters promptly, that is, if some one very lonesome would like to hear from me. Here's hoping.

Harry of Iowa.

Why not write to these two lads, Harry? They're receiving oodles of mail but I guess their young shoulders are broad enough to stand a few more.

Dear Rosemary Lee:

Today, just a few minutes ago, the sun showed itself for the first time in five days. About the same time I began to look through your Moving Picture Stories magazine. I first looked at the contents and found your Helping Hearts Club. It is just what I have been wishing and looking for and is to me, as the song goes, "a rainbow round my shoulder".

I would like to join the club if I may. I am twenty-one years of age, have brown hair, brown eyes and weigh about 150 pounds. I love to play tennis and go to the movies. I noticed in one of the letters that another member cares for the same things.

I have not been here very long, therefore I haven't many friends and I would love to hear from all of the members.

Bluey of Georgia.

Which art thou, Bluey, a fair charmer or a sheik? You see, in giving your own name, you signed only initials—and it's mighty hard to tell from these. In answer to your postscript, it is against the rules of the club to give out addresses.

* * *

It seems scarcely possible to think of Pal Buddy without Paless Nancy, doesn't it? But now that young Rogers man opened on Broadway a short time ago in "Half Way to Heaven" with Jean Arthur as the heroine.

Dear Rosemary Lee:

I would sure like to join the circle around your Helping Hearts Campfire. I am just a lonesome lad of 22 and have only recently come to Chicago from a country where I knew everyone, so you can all guess how blue a person can feel when he is a stranger.

I have light hair, blue eyes, weigh 155, am 5 ft. 9 in. tall and have a big right hand that is free to write at all times. I would love to hear from Catherine of Milwaukee.

So come on, you pen pals, and break a trail to my mail box if you want to hear about the wide open spaces. To my friends I am just

The Texas Kid.

Yes, Texas Kid, we can fully realize what it must mean to you to be so far away from home, especially a home like the great open spaces of your native state. To me, Texas always signifies freedom of thought and action. I suppose, if one wanted to adopt all the stray cats and dogs in the state, none of the neighbors would have the slightest objection. That is my one great problem—how to keep the menagerie quiet when the "dog day" is over. You know, one of our magistrates who had brought before him a dog owner whose neighbor had lodged a complaint ruled that a dog's day is from seven in the morning until ten at night. During these hours, Mr. and Mrs. Four-Footer and family may lead a healthy, normal life, bark if they are happy, cry if they feel sad. After the curfew sounds, however, they must retire to their own rooms and engage in some quiet occupation—such as reading M. P. S.

* * *

Dear Mrs. Lee:

I want first to tell you what a very pretty name you have—"Rosemary". I have a sister Rosemary and have always admired that name. I often wish it were mine.

Do you think you have room in your wonderful club for another member? I would just love to join and receive and answer letters from other members.

I am a young girl in my early twenties, have black hair (wavy) and large blue eyes and am five feet five inches tall. I enjoy most all sports, but reading and music are my greatest hobbies. You see, I am a violinist and a great number of my evenings are spent in playing for dances, banquets, socials, etc. My occupation during the day is a stenographer-secretary.

Mrs. Lee, I am closing for the present, wishing you and the club the greatest possible success.

Eastern Girl.

That's splendid that you can play professionally. Have you ever thought of forming your own orchestra? You know Chicago Jockey has his own little musical organization. Perhaps, if you get in touch with him, he will advise you in this matter.

Dear Mrs. Lee:

A few lines from a lonesome Marine in Nicaragua, searching for a couple of pals to correspond with. I am in Marine Aviation and have interesting stories about flying patrols into bandit territory. I am six feet tall, play football, tennis, box, and have tried most every other sport.

Hoping to hear from some one soon,

As ever yours,

Moran of the Marines.

Well, now, that's funny! Just the other night I saw "Flight", a feature picture playing on Broadway, and it's all about the boys of the Flying Marine Corps and their search for a bold, bad bandit who has been interfering with our boys down in Nicaragua—and now along comes your letter! If you come face to face with any of those bandits, Moran of the Marines, just hand them a copy of M. P. S. and maybe they'll behave.

* * *

My dear Miss Lee:

Today it is raining and I'm blue. I usually enjoy the rain but not this time, as I've been confined to my bed for six weeks so far and appearances show I'll be there a long while. I'll not bore you with my troubles but I'd like to know some pen pals. You've really no idea how I hate to stay indoors, as I'm a lover of all outdoor sports, movies, talkies and aviation.

During my illness I ordered this magazine but store keepers never seemed to have it. From now on, I'll be sure to get it.

Your club is a very happy one and I hope some one will write to me.

I don't feel able to sit up much longer, so, if I'm forgiven, I'll close now, and please forward enclosed letter to A Lone Eagle. Thanks.

Love to All!

Dev Dare of Newark

P. S. Will Billy of Ohio please write to me? I'd like to hear from Ronnie Boy and Pagliaccio but I'm sorry I can't write more now.

You poor child, ill for all that length of time! How thankful we should be just for the blessing of being able to go about our daily duties—and, yet, how prone we are to complain when little things go wrong! I don't see how you can write so nicely, propped up in bed. I know the pals will write you as soon as they see this as they're such a dear, sympathetic group that they always take care of the shut-in pals first.

* * *

Dear Miss Rosemary Lee:

It has been some time since I wrote to you for pen pals. I haven't seen my letter in print, but, to show you that I have patience, I am trying again. You know there's nothing like trying again. However, I hope I succeed in gaining hosts of pals from all over.

I have so much to tell my "to be" pals that I only wish my letter were already printed.

I am wild about writing letters and ditto about receiving them. Those who write will not be sorry because I have gained many friends through correspondence and every one of them is married. Come on, pals—I'm a lucky one to write to—perhaps you will be next.

I am a girl, nineteen years of age, blue eyes, dark brown curly hair and weigh 115 pounds and stand five feet two inches high.

I would like to hear from pals around my own age and any others who care to write. I forgot to mention that I am of Jewish faith, but I do not know what it is to have a friend of either sex of my own faith. I live in a town inhabited by Gentile folks and have lived among them all my life. All my dearest friends are Gentiles. So, please write, won't you, pals? Any nationality—I am not particular. We are all brothers under the skin.

Please forgive me for this boring letter. Perhaps you won't be able to tell from this letter that I am very unhappy, but I am. That is why I want, oh, so many pals. Please, Wonderful Lady, won't you find some one for me to write to?

I want to take this time to tell you how much I love you. I guess I have plenty of rivals, though. But, anyhow, don't forget that I do, too.

I shall be waiting anxiously to see my letter in print. Expectantly,

Gus from Jersey

P. S. May I write again?

Your letter is not boring at all, Gus. I wish I could say you may write again—and you certainly may to me—but we have thousands of letters waiting for their turn to be printed and so we can't give one person two turns. You understand, don't you?

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

I have just read your H H. C. column in the M. P. S. and I think it would be very interesting to have several pen pals. I wonder if there is room for one more member in your club. I hope so.

I have plenty of friends around here, but I would like to have pen pals. I would like to hear from either sex.

I am eighteen years old and five feet three and one half inches tall. I have long brown hair, brown eyes and a fair complexion. I like most all kinds of sports, especially dancing and ice skating. Oh, well, I will not say any more about myself, but I will tell the pen pals that I hope to have soon.

I would like to exchange snapshots with anyone who cares to.

I promise to answer all the letters that I receive.

Wishing you luck and success I am

Sincerely yours,

Helen from Fremont, Ohio

Yes, Helen, our club is large but so are our hearts and there is room for not only one member more but for several thousand.

My dear Rosemary Lee:

I'd be delighted to join your club, especially after hearing so much about it. Do you know, dear, I've been aching to join such a club for the last couple of years but I never had the nerve?

I certainly think the world of this club. I'd just love to write letters to people from different parts of the world and to hear all about other places, for you do get sick of living in the same city and not knowing about other cities. Don't you feel that way, too, Miss Lee?

I don't know whether I'm the only one who thinks so but I hope there are others who would like to correspond with poor little Trixie Darlen from Vailsburgh. She is tiny, oh, say about four feet eleven inches and seventeen years of age and has dirty blonde hair and brown eyes. Do you think Miss Lee, anyone would care to write a nice big juicy letter, full of all sorts of good news, especially about sports. Oh, boy—sports! That's my middle name. And moving pictures! Boy, I'm crazy about stars and their pictures.

Well, Miss Lee, can you help me out? I hope so.

* * *

Trixie Darlen from Vailsburgh.

No, Trixie, I must confess I don't get tired of the same city. I guess I'm too busy to be aware of its sameness. Then, too, any place I can park my menagerie is "home, sweet home to me". By the way, I spent my early reporting days and made my stage debut in your own Newark. I just love that place with its busy Four Corners and its brave attempt to grow up into a New York. On the site where my boarding house once stood there is now an office building and it made me feel a trifle sad when I passed it the other evening and thought of the gay young reporters who used to race down the street to get to the table before the devil's food cake was devoured by other hungry boarders who had more regular—if not such fascinating—jobs. Well, that's the price we must pay for progress—and progress we must have.

South Sea Rose

(Continued from page 15)

an officer to perform a marriage ceremony on the high seas. Therefore you were never married," Winston explained.

"Captain, is this true?" Rosalie looked to Briggs for confirmation of this startling news.

"It's true, right enough, Rosalie," he admitted. "I'd a told you myself, only the doctor beat me to it." He turned to the other man. "Well you had her to yourself for three weeks. Supposin' you step out and give me a minute with her alone—then I'm leavin'."

"Captain, why did you do this thing to me?" Rosalie questioned piteously as she faced the man she had thought to be her husband.

Briggs shifted from one foot to the other in embarrassment.

"I suppose you're goin' to hate me for what I'm goin' to tell you, but it's the truth. I wanted your money, that's why I married you—or pretended to. You haven't any fortune, not even a dime, so now I can tell you I'm crazy about you, I've always been in love with you."

"Well, you have a very strange way of showing it," the girl flashed.

"Yep," he admitted. "But I'm just crazy enough about you to let you go, if it'll make you happy. Before I went away, I asked you for a kiss and you said you'd save it until I came back. Will you give it to me now, just to remember?"

She raised her face to his and he kissed her hungrily, then, releasing her, he strode from the house. From the window she watched his tall form swinging along toward the hills.

THE next morning Captain Hackett was preparing to sail when the former owner of the boat came aboard.

"Can you use an able-bodied seaman?" he questioned eagerly. "I'm lookin' for a berth."

"I'm always lookin' for able-bodied seamen," Hackett replied. "Get your gear aboard."

On the sun-lit deck a group of sailors lounged, strumming guitars and singing their favorite melody, "South Sea Rose".

"Dressed in my seaweed clothes
My heart cries out to those
On every ship that goes,
I'm craving for love."

Briggs turned to the new captain.

"Say, do those guys have to sing that song?" he muttered.

"I like it, and this is my ship, you bone-head," Hackett replied.

The voices came to them louder now:

"I could be true to one and care for one
But only one."

The next line was sung right in Briggs' ear—and it was in a laughing, girlish voice:

"Until he comes to me, I'll always be
A lonely one.
They call me 'South Sea Rose',
I'm fickle, they suppose,
It seems nobody knows
I'm craving for love."

Her arms were about him and she was hugging him with all her young strength.

"You'll get it!" Briggs promised as he put his arms around her and found the surest way to stop for a moment the merry laugh that was coming from her tantalizing young lips.

"Take care of Babe."

These were the last words of Mrs. Hogan as she left her two motherless little girls to fight life's battles alone. And fun-loving Casey Hogan accepted the responsibility of looking after the younger, more timid sister with the cheerful determination with which she met all other problems. Don't miss "It's a Great Life", starring the Duncan Sisters, which will be one of the features of the next issue.

* * *

Who committed the crimes that brought into renewed activity the keen mind of Philo Vance? This gentleman detective delights in solving mysteries. You will enjoy working with him. Try it with "The Bishop Murder Case" which will appear in the next issue.

Second Choice

(Continued from page 17)

Don intruded and she broke down and began to sob.

Shortly after their wedding, Owen was called to town to straighten out some financial difficulties. He did not want to worry Vallery, so he did not explain the serious reason for his trip, just pleaded a business engagement. But that very morning the girl had read in the paper that Beth Randall was leaving for New York to purchase her trousseau and she jumped at this as the purpose of his hasty trip.

In his absence, Don Warren, who was now drinking heavily in an endeavor to forget the mess he had made of his life, haunted the Mallory home. It grieved Vallery to see him under the influence of liquor, pale and haggard from nights of sleeplessness, and she pleaded with him to pull himself together. But Don had only one aim, to get her to leave her husband and run away with him.

ONE night when Vallery was alone in the house, Don entered through the French windows, white-faced, almost maniacal, plainly under the influence of drink. She begged him to go away but he refused. He had bungled everything once, he told her, and he was not going to make the same mistake again.

"Now, Don, go home and sleep it off," she pleaded. "When you're sober, I'll talk it over with you."

"I'm not going to let you out of my sight. You're going away with me tonight," he returned.

"Listen to this, Don," she told him firmly, "once and for all, I'm not going with you."

"Well, if you don't, I'll never leave this house." He indicated the revolver he carried in his pocket.

She saw it was useless to argue with him, so she told him to wait while she packed her bag. But he made good his threat of not leaving her out of his sight and accompanied her to her room. On one pretense or another, she stalled for time but, at last, the suit-case was packed. Don was fastening the straps when the door was thrown open and Owen Mallory entered the room. He took the situation in at a glance.

"This is a nice mess," he flashed, "running away with this—"

'But, Owen, I—" Vallery interrupted.

"Keep your mouth shut," Don ordered gruffly. "Yes, she's running away with me. What have you got to say about it?"

"I've got this much to say." He plunged at Don and sent him sprawling against the wall. The boy reached for his gun and took aim. With a cry of warning, Val threw herself in front of her husband. There was a report and she fell to the floor. Owen bent over her.

"Val, Val, speak to me," he pleaded.

Don, suddenly sobered by fear, approached them.

"Did I—Is she—" He leaned against the table and felt a pool of water under his hand. The bullet had shattered the flower vase and sent it crashing to floor. "Look! It didn't hit her," he cried in relief.

The girl's lips were moving in delirium now; her face was contorted.

"Owen! Owen!" she cried feebly. "Oh, he's dead. Now he'll never know."

"I'm all right, dear," her husband soothed.

Slowly her eyes opened.

"I must have fainted," she laughed hysterically. "How old-fashioned of me!"

Then it came to Don in a flash. Owen was the one Val really loved. She had never intended to go away with him.

"Val's been on the level with you," he said. "I was forcing her to go away with me. She loves you enough to risk her life for you. If you have half the sense you seem to have, you'll love her and make her happy. Don't worry about me. I won't bother you any more." He started toward the door.

"But, Don, what are you going to do, where are you going when you leave here?" Val asked solicitously.

"I'm going to get out of this town at once," he told her, "but the first thing I'm going to do is to look for a big drink—"

"Please, Don," Val interrupted.

"Of black coffee," he laughed. "And, as soon as I get a job, I'm going to buy you both a wedding present."

"IS IT true what Don said, that you love me?" Owen asked eagerly as soon as they were alone. "If you do, we're both in love with each other."

To his surprise, the girl drew back coldly.

"Have you Beth's permission to make love to me?" she asked. "Since you make trips to New York with her—"

"I made a trip to New York on the same train with her," he admitted, "but it was accidental, I swear it."

"I thought that, at least, you were honest," Val told him icily.

"Honest? Wait!" he returned. "I'll be more honest than a woman has a right to expect. I ran into Beth on the train and I thought for a moment I was still in love with her. And I saw her once in New York, too. But those two times showed me what a shallow little fool she is and what a marvelous person you are. Val, I love you. Will you marry me?"

"Marry you?" the girl smiled. "I did that a couple of weeks ago."

"Then will you work at it?" he teased.

"Try and stop me." she laughed, her old joyous self once more.

Mystic Myra

(Continued from page 18)

tures are "On Trial", "The Gamblers" and the Tiffany production, "Peacock Alley".

* * *

M. L. T.: It's great to find so many fans still faithful to their former favorites. Alice Joyce, "the gracious lady of your heart," will make her next appearance as the heroine of the John McCormack picture now in course of production at the Fox Studio. Watch for it! The world-famous tenor will be heard in ten numbers. Isn't that worth ten times the price of admission? We'll say so!

Peacock Alley

(Continued from page 5)

and sincerely apologize," he said.

"Thank you," Claire returned graciously. "I know you mean it and I accept the apology."

"Well, I don't" Bradbury thundered, "not until that detective has gone down on his knees and begged her pardon."

"Certainly, certainly," Bonner readily agreed.

But, when Dugan answered the manager's summons to his office, he was in anything but an apologetic mood.

"Mr. Bradbury has been good enough to regard your error with leniency," Bonner told him. "He is willing to accept your apology to Mrs. Bradbury in place of a suit for a hundred thousand dollars, a suit which, I must frankly confess, would be difficult to defend."

"Take it easy, Mr. Bonner," Dugan returned, undaunted. "This guy ain't goin' to sue you for no hundred grand."

"I won't wait any longer," Bradbury flashed, starting for the door. "I will file suit in the morning."

"No, no, Mr. Bradbury." Bonner put out a detaining hand. "Wait! I'll discharge this man."

"No, you won't," Dugan defied. "I'll keep my job and he'll keep his mouth shut about the whole business. I'll go on the stand and tell just why I threw them out. This dame picked up Stoddard Clayton in the lobby just before dinner yesterday. She spent the night in his apartment. I'll prove it by Walter, the bell captain, who saw her come in at dinner time, and I'll prove it by Connor, the watchman, who saw her go out after daylight." He turned triumphantly to Bradbury. "How would that look in the newspapers? Think it over, Texas, before you file suit in the morning."

Bradbury turned just in time to catch Claire who had reeled over in a faint. Above her head he roared:

"I won't listen any more to your rotten, lying employes, but, for God's sake, find a doctor!"

Claire's eyes fluttered open at his words and she protested feebly:

"No, Jim. I'll be all right in a minute."

"Get out of here, you two!" Bradford commanded and, with a relieved backward glance, Bonner followed the detective from the room.

IF ONLY Jim had let her tell her story in her own way, she might have convinced him of her innocence. But Bradbury was a lawyer, he insisted upon a direct "yes" or "no". Under his cross-examining, she was forced to admit that Dugan had spoken the truth. She had gone to Stoddard Clayton's apartment the previous evening and she had left it at sunrise. They had taken a couple of drinks together. He had kissed her and she had returned his kisses. He had told her he loved her but he had not proposed marriage. Yes, he had suggested another sort of union. But their evening together was not what he thought, what the detective had insinuated. It had all been perfectly innocent. But her husband was horror-stricken as her answers left in his mind no doubt of her guilt.

"Oh, Jim, please believe me," she cried in desperation. "I went to see Mr. Clayton last night to tell him about you, to tell him I was through with New York, with smartness, with sophistication, with theatres, with all the tiresome, bitter things I've been fed up on, to tell him I was going back to the only thing I knew was vital, honest, real—you, Jim Bradbury."

There was a sneer on her husband's face as he demanded:

"What were your relations with this man that he had a right to such confidences?"

"He was my friend," she told him bravely: "I haven't had an easy time here in New York and, when I was blue, he amused me, and, when I was tired, he encouraged me. I got everlastingly sick of fighting my own battles. I realized I wanted to be a normal, honest-to-goodness wife with a husband to look after me,"

"So that's why you married me!" Bradbury commented sarcastically.

"I married you because I admire and respect you," she returned with quiet conviction, "and because you assured me you'd always love me. And the reason I went to see him last night was to tell him I was going to marry you and to say goodby to him—forever."

Bradbury received her explanation with a contemptuous laugh.

"So it took you from eleven o'clock until daylight to tell him you were going to marry another man?"

"That's all. Nothing else happened — nothing — nothing," she cried, suddenly hysterical.

"I don't believe you," Bradbury returned.

"No, you haven't believed one word I've said," the girl sobbed. "I can't stand it, Jim. I can't fight you. You're a district attorney—it's your job to make people seem guilty and I'm helpless, beaten, defenseless. There's only one chance, one way." She reached for the phone and called Clayton's apartment. "You're going to meet Stoddard Clayton. He'll tell you and then you'll believe me."

"That's impossible. I wouldn't think of it," he flashed.

"You owe me that much." She was dominant in the knowledge of her innocence. "I'm your wife and even a murderer is allowed some defence. This morning you promised to love and honor me. You love me—I know that in spite of everything—and you're going to honor me, for I'm your wife and I haven't betrayed you."

STODDARD CLAYTON thought the newly married couple had come to make a social call when Claire and her husband entered his suite a few minutes later. But Jim Bradbury quickly disillusioned him when he started the usual felicitations, congratulating the bridegroom upon having won "the finest little woman in the world".

"Clayton, I'm not going to beat about the bush," Jim interrupted him. "The hotel detective says he is prepared to prove that my wife

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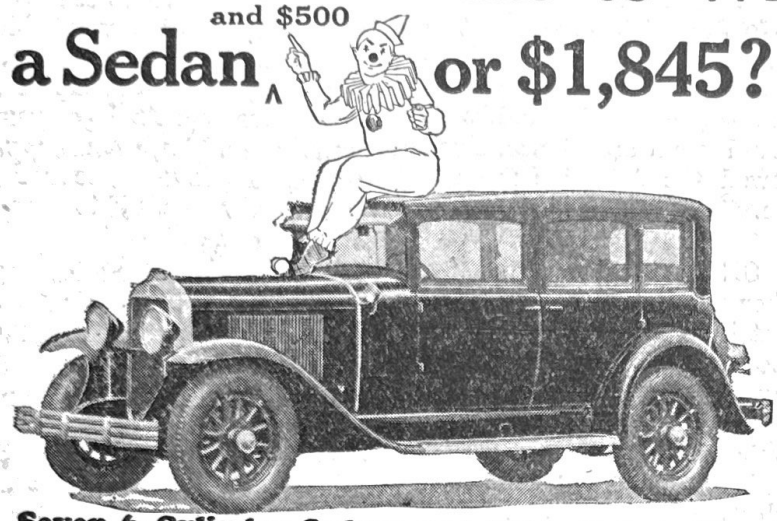

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spent the night here with you and I want an explanation."

"It's my idea, Stoddard," Claire put in. "I wanted him to ask you."

"Why, yes, Claire," Clayton returned lightly. "But why didn't he merely ask you?"

"I did ask her," Bradbury returned.

"Then, of course, she said the whole thing is a stupid misunderstanding," Clayton said, relieved. "That's all there is to it."

"Her story is too ridiculous to believe," the angry husband informed him. "I want your explanation."

"Why my explanation?" Clayton asked quickly. "You didn't marry me, Mr. Bradbury."

Claire put out a pleading hand.

"Tell him everything, Stoddard," she begged. "I want him to know everything. Tell him the truth. Make him believe the truth. Don't you see what it means to me?"

"Yes, I'm beginning to see," Clayton nodded. Then he turned to Bradbury. "Do you mean to tell me on your wedding day, when a senseless accusation is made against the girl you promised to love and honor, you hesitate one second to believe her?"

Bradbury's eyes flashed fire and his hands clenched and unclenched at his side.

"When my wife admits that she spent the night in a room with a man who loves her, who kisses her, whom she kisses in return and who not only did not mention marrying her but who offered her an immoral relation, a life of sin, then I reserve the right to doubt that her admissions constitute all that happened. I want your word of honor that you and Claire have been nothing but friends."

A sneer succeeded the mask of polite coldness Stoddard Clayton had worn through the interview. Here was all the proof he needed of the correctness of his theory. Claire would admit now that he was right, now that it was too late.

"My dear man, you disgust me with marriage," he said. "You sanctimoniously swear to a lot of magnificent promises, then prosti-

tute the ceremony by your failure to have a common, ordinary, decent trust in the woman you have thus glorified."

To Jim Bradbury his words were merely a cloak to hide his guilt. He demanded that Clayton give him his word of honor as a gentleman that Claire had been nothing to him. Why he demanded this he scarcely knew himself. Down where he came from, any man would lie to protect a woman's honor. There was no doubt Stoddard Clayton would do the same thing. But to his utter amazement the other returned coolly:

"I refuse to deny anything—as a gentleman."

With a stifled sob Claire clutched his arm.

"But don't you see he'll think—now he'll never believe me—oh—"

"He will have to think what he likes," Clayton told her calmly.

"No, no, Stoddard," she pleaded in a frenzy of grief. "I can't understand you. Tell him you don't mean it."

"I have nothing more to say." Clayton turned away from her as she sank in a chair and began to sob hysterically.

Bradbury faced the man who had crushed his dream of years just at the threshold of realization. In his eyes there was contempt—contempt and wonder.

"Clayton, you're a cad and a hound. If you had the slightest sense of decency, you'd have lied and tried to make me believe you."

Claire rose blindly from the chair and clutched Bradbury's arm as if she would make him believe her by sheer physical force.

"It's not true, Jim, it's not true," she cried.

He wrenched himself free from her detaining hands and strode to the door. At the threshold he paused.

"Just to prove to you that I'm not being unfair and narrow-minded, I dare you to answer me one last question. Do you love this man?"

"Don't, don't, Jim." She raised tortured eyes to his. "I haven't done anything wrong, I swear it."

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"Do you? Do you?" he thundered at her.

"I can't answer you, I can't," she sobbed.

"That's enough," he told her brutally.

As she collapsed on the divan, Clayton was almost forced out of his assumed manner of indifference. He took a step forward just as Bradbury wheeled about and confronted him.

"I'm glad I interviewed you," he flashed. "I might have believed her and lived a miserable existence with a woman who does not love me—and who does love you." Clayton bowed as if acknowledging the truth of Bradbury's accusation. "Apparently it was all quite charming—except for one little detail: You wouldn't marry her and I—like a fool—I would." With a contemptuous look at them both, he again walked to the door. With difficulty Claire raised herself from the divan and followed him.

"Where—where are you going?" she cried wildly.

"Back to Texas—alone."

"Oh, Jim," she pleaded, "can't you have a little understanding, a little sympathy, a little kindness?"

"I understand you both perfectly," he told her. "I sympathize with you both and I'm being very kind to you both."

With that he was gone, slamming the door behind him. Claire dropped down again on the divan, sobbing bitterly. Clayton stood watching her, outwardly calm, although his lips were twitching. For a long moment there was silence in the room, save for the gradually subsiding sobbing. Clayton poured himself a drink, lighted a cigarette and waited for her to recover. Finally she raised her head, looked pitifully around the room and, seeing his attitude of indifference, his mask-like face, rose slowly and started toward the door. With her hand on the knob, she turned to him and said bitterly:

"Would you mind taking a look in the corridor—just to be sure there aren't any detectives there?"

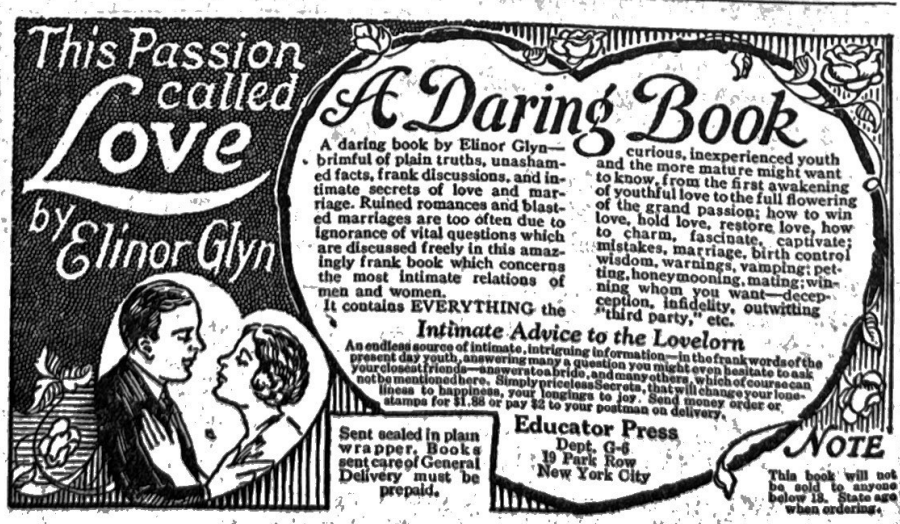
"I wouldn't resent that detective," the man advised. "He's done you a great service."

"I'm afraid you know too much—as usual," Claire returned slowly.

"You understand why I acted as I did?" he questioned. "He was afraid, afraid to believe you innocent, although deep down in his heart he knew you were not guilty. He was afraid because he knew that you are a far better person than he is."

"I—better?" Claire repeated dully. "Why, we were born in the same town, we went to the same school."

"But you left that town," Clayton reminded her. "In New York you've gone to a far different school, you've grown, broadened, you're tolerant, wise—and he—why he hadn't the courage to rise above a suspicion. I was hoping against hope that he'd suddenly prove himself big enough to deserve you, that he'd sweep you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into his arms and say that nothing else mattered but—" With one of his most characteristic shrugs of his shoulders, Clayton stopped short, unable to find words to express his feelings.

"I thought it was the right thing to do, to marry him," Claire faltered.

"Marriage is never merely the right thing to do," Clayton told her. "The very words of the ceremony, which some people think so important, are far too splendid to be wasted."

"I suppose I should thank you," Claire said almost inaudibly as she turned to the door. "Goodby."

"Where are you going?" he asked with interest.

"To my own apartment."

The farewell smile she gave him was a mixture of bravery, defiance—and disillusionment.

MONTHS passed. Stoddard Clayton sought relief from restlessness in one after the other of Europe's gay capitals. Jim Bradbury, after he had had his marriage annulled, devoted all his time and energy to becoming one of the leading figures in his state. Claire Tree bravely buried her dreams of happiness and sought contentment by throwing herself unreservedly into her work. Before long, her singleness of purpose had its reward and the lights that flickered on Broadway bore evidence that another little actress who had come to New York, fired with ambition to make the world recognize her, had attained her goal. Her dancing eyes, her merry smile kept time to her twinkling feet and none realized that the part she was playing in life was her greatest role.

When she returned to her dressing-room one night, she found Stoddard Clayton awaiting her. She greeted him with light indifference. But Clayton returned her gay sallies with a tense earnestness.

"I have come to make you a proposition, Claire," he told her.

"But your propositions never interested me in the struggling days. What leads you to believe they would interest me now?"

"But I want you to marry me, Claire," he returned.

"Marry you?" she flashed brightly. "Why, marriage sounds the death-knell to romance. Even the people who are happiest in their sweetheart days soon find themselves living with the cold skeletons of their dreams. The institution is outdated, for it was designed for different circumstances of life and conduct. Marriage destroys love—"

His arms about her, crushing her body to his, his lips fastened hungrily upon her saucy, mocking mouth interrupted further repetition of the sentiments she had heard from him so often in former days.

"Not with us, my darling," he murmured softly. "We're different."

Mingled with the happiness in Claire's eyes, there was a knowing little smile. How old-fashioned, how naive he had become!

Which was the stronger—the man's love for his younger brother or for the woman who could not be true to her marriage vows? Read "Mexicali Rose" in Moving Picture Stories dated February 18th.

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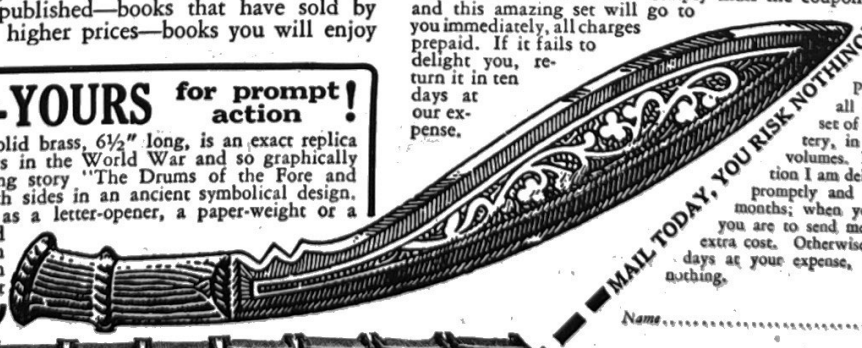

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